

What is Wrong with Lando? by Ass_Gardiann

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Summary:

It's been a year since the last mess of Hawkins and the kids are in need of a break. After finding out that El (and Max???) had never seen Star Wars they put their minds together to introduce her to the franchise. Things get a bit messy when Mike and Lucas get back on their bullshit.

((Lucas' centric one shot because I love my child and he deserves better))

What is Wrong with Lando?

Author's Note:

Shout out to my dood @homicidalbrunette for the idea!

It wasn't the first time the party had decided that they needed to pull an all-night Star Wars binge, and by Lucas' calculations; it definitely wouldn't be the last. They had been organizing the night for weeks, trying to work out the right nights for everyone in correlation with summer project schedules, doctors' appointments and driving lessons. Max had brought up the fact she had never seen Star Wars first, and Mike had quickly realized that El probably hadn't had the opportunity to see it either, the only movies she had ever mentioned where rom-coms and dramas after all.

The date had been finalized and plans of execution made. It had to happen at Mike's; it was a tradition. Although Mike nowhere near had the biggest TV of the party, watching movies in the basement had been a staple event for the kids before the disasters of the past two years so it had made for an obvious choice. The issue there, of course, had been Mike's parents. Whilst his father didn't really care what happened in the house, his mother had made a strict 'no girls allowed' rule for sleepovers as soon as she had seen photos of Mike with El at the snowball. But the party had never been sticklers for the rules and with Dustin's charm, they had convinced Nancy to take Mike's mom out for a few hours, so the girls could arrive without hassle.

Lucas himself was excited. Things hadn't really felt normal for a while and the whole party seemed to be clinging on to whatever sort of mundanity they could after the successful take down of Hawkins lab. Of course, things were still a bit off and there was no surer sign of the events than the dark circles that seemed to now be a permanent fixture under all the kid's eyes. Lucas' parents had been a lot more concerned for his safety ever since he had come home on his banged-up bike with a concussion after the events of Billy and the tunnels. He had practically been under house arrest, something he was most definitely not fond of. He had managed a few times to

simply slip out the front door when no one was looking, but after his snitch of a sister started to dib on him he seemed to have an eye on his every move.

Tonight was going to be different though. He had planted the seed weeks in advance and it would be the first time in a week he would be able to see all his friends at once.

“Mom, I’m off now! I’ll see you tomorrow!” Lucas called his bag on his back and a blanket thrown over his shoulder as he made his way to the door. He was already in his pajamas and ready to get the marathon on.

“Hang on a moment!” His father called from the living room, his face dropped instantly. Great. He looked at the clock on the wall: 6:28. He had planned it all perfectly in his head and now he was going to be late. There was no point in arguing though, he knew that much.

Footsteps approached, and he turned, taking his hand from the door handle and looking at his parents who were standing behind him, their faces seemingly deprived of expression. He hated how well they could mask their emotions, it was off putting.

“What!? Dad, I’m gonna be late!” he pressed, bouncing on the balls of his feet as he looked to the door.

“Late or not. Who’s going?” His mother butted in, her gaze softened a little into one of care.

“I’ve told you. It’s just the party.” Lucas relented, they had this discussion every time. He couldn’t wait for the day it stopped.

“Just the party.” Erica pipped up, coming down the stairs, her voice mocking. Lucas shot her a death glare, earning him a sternly raised eyebrow from his father. Erica stuck out her tongue at him as she continued, “Who’s in the ‘party’ Lukey?” she grinned, sitting down on the bottom step and cupping her face in her hands.

“Really?” Lucas asked, looking between his parents as he waved at Erica with his free hand.

“Hold on a minute.” His father raised a finger. “That might not be

such a bad question.” Lucas was sure he could feel part of him die. He looked at the clock. 6:30.

“Dad! I’m going to be late. It’s just at Mike’s. It’s next door. I’ll see you tomorrow!” Lucas huffed impatiently turning back to the door and pulling it open.

“If anything happens, sweetie- “His mom began.

“Then I’ll come straight home.” He assured her, moving to step outside.

“Wait! Lucas, put some shoes on. What about those new slippers I bought you?” Lucas made a face.

“Mah, it’s just next door.”

“Lucas...” his father warned.

“Fine!” He exclaimed, dumping his things and making his way back upstairs quickly, almost tripping over Erica as she stuck out her arm to block his path. Frustrated enough as it was he finally made his way up to his room, pulling out a pair of clean tan slippers and sliding them on before dashing back down the stairs, making sure to gently knock Erica as he began to grab his things.

“Can I go now?” Lucas pushed, glancing back at the clock anxiously. 6:32.

“Alright... just. Be careful. And have fun, sweetie, we’ll be right here if you need anything you can call and- “Lucas wasn’t listening anymore. A smile spread across his face as he hauled the bag back onto his shoulders and bundled the blanket in his arms.

“Okay, okay! Bye!” he called, dashing out the front door.

The sun was beginning to set, a deep orange taking over the sky. It was past 6:30. He was late now. Great. He could see three bikes out the front, and none of his friends’ parents’ cars. He knew that the girls had to get them a little earlier and Will still couldn’t ride in the dark; which meant he was most definitely going to be the last one to arrive.

Without hesitation he ran into the Wheeler's house, pushing open the unlocked door with no more than a shout of greeting to Mike's father as he made his way to the basement as he had done so many times before.

"Look who finally decided to show up." Dustin piped up as Lucas clambered down the stairs. The setting Lucas was greeted with brought a wave of comfort over him and he could almost feel the tension from his anticipation be released into a relaxed swell of joy at the sight of his friends.

The group was all sitting in front of the small TV in two levels of acute physical comfort. Will and Max were sharing a place on the couch that Mike had presumably pushed over, both sharing a blanket and lying down so that their heads could lay on the arm rests. Dustin had found his place beside a small table of snacks that were probably mostly brought by him. He had a blanket tied around his neck like some sort of robe or cape, somehow managing to fashion a hood out of the soft material. El was leaning on Mike's shoulder and in true Mike fashion, he was sitting directly in front of the TV. The place Lucas had specifically requested all but last night. It was nice though, to see everyone so close. Once upon a time, they had been weary of the physical intimacy that could come with movie nights, but after the events of the past two years, it had become a comfort to physically feel the presence of everyone.

"Sorry, parents," Lucas replied, kicking off his slippers and walking over, dumping his bag next to Dustin's food pile and looking at Mike almost expectantly.

"How is it that the guy who lives the closest is always the last to arrive?" Max asked, lifting her head slightly as she shifted into a more comfortable position.

"I think a better question is why Mike stole the prime viewing spot after my very real dibs." Lucas replied smugly, the comment followed by a mixture of 'oo's and groans respectively.

"Shove off Lucas! You're," Mike glanced behind him at the clock on the wall, "4 minutes late. That makes the spot mine now."

Lucas shook his head, “No way! Besides, you’ve got to get up to put in the film anyway.” He pointed out, folding his arms as he shook the blanket out, unraveling it.

“Well you are already up, why don’t you put in and then sit next to Dustin or behind me or something?” Mike tried.

“No, don’t sit on my feet!” Will whinged, there was a smile in his voice.

“Yeah and this is the snack corner. I don’t need you stanching up the place with your health juice mumbo jumbo.” Dustin agreed.

“Health juice mumbo- orange juice?” Lucas asked, his brow furrowed. He shook his head, waving a hand. “No, no,” he said dismissively, “Mike, you’re just going to have to move.” He stated matter-o-fact-ly.

“I don’t think I’ll have to,” Mike replied with a small shrug. It was a challenge. An invite almost.

“Fine, but I’m sitting there no matter what. You know, that right?” Lucas grinned smugly as he walked over to the TV and put the film in place, glancing back at Mike.

“Try me,” Mike said simply. Lucas shrugged as he turned the TV on and adjusted the volume to an acceptable level. “Wait- why are you staying silent... Lucas?” Mike narrowed his eyes and Lucas felt his grin widen. With the levels adjusted accordingly (and the knowledge that El could fix it if need be) Lucas swept his blanket back from around his shoulders and walked over to Mike, sitting directly in his friend’s lap before he could figure out what was going on.

“Hey- OOMPH.” Mike groaned as Lucas pulled the blanket over himself, laughter filling the basement. “Not fair.” Mike croaked, trying to push Lucas off him, though a smile split across his face.

“I told you.” Lucas grinned, sitting up slightly as Mike moved his legs. The pair adjusted into a position that was a little more comfortable for the both of them, Max and El practically in tears at the ordeal.

“Asshole.” Mike laughed before being quickly hushed by Will as the movie began.

They stayed fixed in position for the first two Star Wars films. Lucas and Mike having settled comfortably into place, Lucas holding the snacks for both of them and Mike occasionally pulling him into close hugs. Will drifted off a few times, but he seemed to have an agreement with Dustin going in which if Dustin noticed him passing out he'd throw a chocolate bullet at Will's face. It was working so far. El had her eyes glued to the screen for the entire sitting. Max was also struggling to stay awake, she fell asleep halfway into the first movie and woke up at the title screen of the second, slightly confused.

By the time Return of the Jedi was on things began to fall apart once more into the peace segment. Max had fallen back to sleep and Lucas and Mike were getting restless. They had gone over 4 hours with minimal breaks and way too much sugar.

“I'm sure Luke wasn't on that thing when it blew.” Lucas imitated, his voice cracking mid-sentence from the force of trying to match Han's pitch. Dustin didn't miss a beat.

“He wasn't.” Dustin continued the scene, making a kissy face to Lucas, causing Mike and Will to crack up. El put a finger to her lips, too invested in the movie to deal with their bullshit now. It didn't stop them. “I can feel it.” Dustin continued breathily, a hand on his forehead dramatically.

Something in the sugar kicked in and Lucas grinned, rolling off of Mike with the blanket and looking to Dustin as he kicked his feet in the air, pointing his toes to the ceiling in as mocking a way possible.

“You love him?” Dustin moved closer to Lucas, the two kids grinning idiotically as they began to perform in a terrible melodrama in front of the TV. “Don't you?”

“Yes!” Dustin grinned. Lucas took Dustin's hands as he shifted to his knees.

“I understand. Fine. When he gets back-” he paused, looking off ‘into

the distance' dramatically. "I'll make sure to stay out of your way."

"It's 'I won't get in the way'!" Mike butted in, pausing the movie much to the others dismay.

"Does it matter?" Lucas asked, looking back to Mike, Dustin's hands still in his own.

"Well, yeah. It kind of does. Otherwise, you're out of time! Besides, you can't even do a good Han!" Mike countered pointedly as he folded his arms.

"You think I was trying to do a good Han impression?" Lucas asked with a short laugh as his hands slid out of Dustin's.

"Oh boy." Will breathed, a hand moving to massage his temples.

"N-no!" Mike stammered, pausing for a moment before picking up, "But I bet you couldn't if you tried! You're nothing like Han!"

"Oh? I am nothing like Han? But I'm guessing you are, right?" Lucas asked, falling from his knees into a proper sitting position and folding his legs neatly.

"No- well, yeah. But that's not the point!" Mike pressed.

"No way!" Lucas laughed, "You are way more Luke than Han!" He exclaimed, pulling the blanket tighter around him.

"Guys Max is sleeping is this really- "Dustin began, getting quickly interrupted.

"Luke!?" Mike exclaimed, his voice getting louder as he leaned forward. "No way! Luke can't even stop his own arm from being chopped off! Besides, I'd rule at flying a ship AND," he continued, seemingly not taking a breath, "We already said that Will was Luke so there."

"That's... not necessarily true." Will replied slowly. "I mean, the ship thing. I'm still definitely Luke, but we do have El and Max to consider now too."

"You don't think I could fly a spaceship?" Mike asked, looking to Will almost offended by the suggestion.

"Well, you did almost crash in that driving lesson last week." Will pointed out with a yawn.

"HAH! I knew it." Lucas said smugly, grinning at Will.

"That doesn't mean- look I'm Han, okay?" Mike huffed, growing frustrated again.

"Fine, say you are Han. Who'd I be then?" Lucas asked, a genuine curiosity in his voice as he shuffled back closer to the group, grabbing a gummy worm from the packet in El's hand.

"I don't know. Lando maybe?" Mike suggested. "Lando's pretty cool- and Han's best friend!" He grinned as if it was the most revolutionary idea of all time.

"Lando!? No way! We are nothing alike and he has like, no screen time." Lucas argued, starting to get annoyed, his voice rising in volume as he went on. "No way I'm Lando."

"What's wrong with Lando?" Mike asked somewhat honestly.

"What's wrong with Lando? What's *wrong* with *Lando*?" Lucas blinked, his hands curling into fists in utter disbelief at his friend. He had known him this long and still. "This is just another Winston isn't it?" he asked, referring to the Halloween costumes of the previous year.

"Guys- "Max groaned, having been woken up by the shouting of the arguing boys. Her hair was a mess and she squinted her eyes awake. "Is the movie finished did we," she let out a yawn as Will put a hand on her leg apologetically, "did we finish?"

"Finish? We are just getting started." Lucas replied, his brow furrowed as he looked at Mike who seemed to be in a stunned silence. "Really Mike, name one thing Lando and I have in common."

Mike looked a little worried about that. Lucas could almost hear his brain ticking away, the gears grinding to come up with one trait that

could possibly relate him to the smuggler. A moment passed, and Mike opened and closed his mouth like some sort of shocked fish.

“I think Lucas is like Han,” El stated honestly, looking at Mike. “They are both pretty ambitious.” She smiled at Lucas warmly and Lucas grinned back. “Plus, Lando seems to be pretty fashionable in his corner of the galaxy and Lucas...” she trailed off, her smile turning into a teasing smirk that Lucas was forced to play off with a roll of his eyes.

“Fine, fine! Well, who would everyone else be then?” Mike asked, looking around the group.

Lucas thought for a moment, wrapping the blanket closer around him as he grabbed another gummy worm, chewing it thoughtfully. Max stretched out with another yawn, sitting up slightly and shivering as Will took the opportunity to snatch the blankets closer around him.

“Well, I’d be Chewie!” Dustin said instantly with a grin to Lucas. “I was gonna say Leia but on the inside... I am a Wookiee.” He continued, dramatically pressing a hand to his heart.

“And we already decided Will was Luke.” Lucas agreed as Mike poured himself some cola.

“I’d be Leia,” Max stated still sleepily as she fought with Will for the blanket playfully. “Not that I know who she is.” She added, though there seemed to be a hint of untruthfulness in her voice. “She just seems like the only female character.” She added.

“Alright so Dustin’s Chewie, Will is Luke, Max is Leia... El?” Lucas asked turning to her with genuine curiosity. It was the first time she had seen the movies and it seemed like she had really gotten into it.

“Yoda.” She said simply. The answer had Lucas a little taken a back, but he supposed it made sense.

“Fine, fine, so what about me then, huh?” Mike asked, looking around the group. “If Lucas is Han, Dustin’s Chewie, Will is Luke, Max is Leia and El is Yoda... well, then who am I? Obi-Wan? Anakin?” The asked. The question, although literally asked to

everyone was clearly very much directed to Lucas

It only took a moment for Lucas to work it out and he couldn't stop the shit eating grin from spreading onto his face as he looked at the frustrated curiosity in Mike's eyes. Things were really starting to feel like they were getting back to normal. The movies, the banter, the food; Lucas hadn't felt this normal in a while.

"You know, Mike." Lucas began, "Lando is pretty cool."

Author's Note:

I haven't done much writing for these kids before and I'm sorry for any major mischaracterizations or mistakes, it has been a while since I've seen OG Star Wars and even longer since I've attempted to write a fic.

Any feedback or critique would be welcome! It's just meant to be something light-hearted but I'm working on characterization and stuff atm so yeah ˘(ツ)˘

Also sorry for the mess of writing I did very little editing like the MESS that I AM with LITTLE TIME and LOTSA STRESS.